And Justice for Some
EXPLORING AMERICAN JUSTICE THROUGH DRAMA AND THEATRE

Wendy Lement and Bethany Dunakin
Salem’s Daughters
by Wendy Lement

Characters

*Salem’s Daughters* premiered in 1989 at Theater in the Open with the following cast:

SAMUEL PARRIS/JOHN HATHORNE ................. Michael Thurston
ANN PUTNAM SENIOR .................................. Therese Linnihan
THOMAS PUTNAM ...................................... David Adams
ANN PUTNAM ........................................ Mara Flynn
MERCY LEWIS ........................................ Emily Wonson
BETTY PARRIS ....................................... Jessica Solomon-Greenbaum
ABIGAIL WILLIAMS ................................. Anna Solomon-Greenbaum
DORCY GOOD ........................................ Jessamine Dana
SARAH GOOD ....................................... Michelle Ninacs
TITUBA ................................................ Catherine Woods
MARY WARREN ....................................... Juliet Nelson
ELIZABETH HUBBARD ............................... Heather Currier
MALE ASSISTANT .................................... Scott Smith
FEMALE ASSISTANT ................................. Susan Atwood

The musical score was composed by Peter Stewart. The choreographer was Caroline Bredice. Costumes were designed by Liz Raycroft.

**Setting:** Salem Village

**Time:** November 1689–August 1706

**ACT 1, SCENE 1**

Upstage right of center sits a tall black throne. A ladder is built into the back of the throne so that PARRIS may climb up it. There should be enough room at the top for PARRIS to stand and deliver his sermons. A pulpit of sorts is built into the front. A web of ropes extends from the top of the throne to other areas of the stage. There should be a space for props and costume pieces built into the back of the structure. The throne should sit approximately twelve feet high, including a one-foot base. On both sides of the throne, wooden frames with black scrim extend like wings. These can be back lit, or used as masking. Downstage right of the throne sit three wooden benches.

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As the music begins, the lights come up on ANN JUNIOR, who lays prone downcenter. ANN SENIOR enters with a rope and hands one end to her daughter. The rest of the cast enter and join in a dance of conspiracy each touching the rope at some point. Then ANN SENIOR, THOMAS PUTNAM, ANN, MERCY, BETTY, ABIGAIL, MARY, ELIZABETH, and the townsfolk take their place at the benches. PARRIS climbs the pulpit and the music ends.

PARRIS: Good people of Salem Village, on this day, the nineteenth of November, 1689, the honorable Reverend, Mr. Nicholas Noyes, has ordained my most unworthy self: pastor. After this humble village hath been without spiritual guidance for two years, God hath sent me to your door. Therefore, I name my text. Joshua, Chapter 5: Verse 9, the first part. “And the Lord said unto Joshua, this day have I rolled away the reproach of Egypt from off you.”

Hence learn, you of this place, this village, that God hath graciously brought you to a good day this day. To all who belong to this small congregation: Oh! Let us be exhorted in our places most heedfully to beware of reproaching and disgracing the work of this day. And for the prevention thereof, there is no better way in all the world than to take direction from the word of God, how we are each of us from this day forward to behave ourselves. In a word: I will begin with myself. Much work is laid upon my weak shoulders. I am to labor that my doctrine may burn, and my conversation may shine. I am to make differences between the clean and unclean, so as to change and purge the one, and confirm and strengthen the other. As I am to give cordials to some, so I must administer corrosives to others. In what I am to do, you must not, you cannot, you ought not to be angry: for so am I commanded.

I will now come to you. There are things you are to do, and not a little, neither. You are to pay me that reverence which is due to an ambassador of Christ Jesus. You are to pray for me, and to pray
much and fervently always for me. You are to bear me a great deal of love. You are indeed highly to
love every minister of Christ Jesus, but you are to love me best. You are to obey me, at least so far as I
watch your souls. And as every lover of God’s honor will, so let them, say: Amen.

ANN SENIOR: (Ann Senior rises and pulls her daughter aside.) I do believe the tide has changed. God smiles
upon us at last. Even the air has a particular fervor about it. Can you not feel it, Ann?

ANN: Aye, Mother. Master Parris’ sermon surely sends quivers through my spine.

ANN SENIOR: But I was speaking of the air. Does it not seem to you that it doth possess a penetrating
quality?

ANN: (not sure what her mother means) I believe it does.

ANN SENIOR: It fills my very bones, Ann. Surely you must feel it.

ANN: (Ann Junior looks at her apologetically.) Perhaps my garments are too dense.

ANN SENIOR: Come here, child. (Ann Senior moves them to a spot out of sight. She whispers.) One only need
close one’s eyes and draw breath. (Ann Senior does this and then shivers.) It is quite overwhelming.

Ann, you must attempt it as well, since you doubt my word.

ANN: I do believe you.

ANN SENIOR: Close your eyes and breathe.

ANN: Aye, Mother. (Ann Junior makes sure no one is looking and then tries it. She feels nothing and looks at
her mother blankly.)

ANN SENIOR: You barely drew a breath. This time hold it longer. (Ann Junior does this.) That’s it. Doth the
air pervade ye, body and soul? (Ann shakes her head no as she continues to hold her breath.) Nay? Then
ye must persevere. (After a few moments Ann opens an eye to beg her mother to let her stop.) When all

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doubt has drifted from ye and the Lord fills thy heart, then ye shall release thy breath. (pause) He is coming to ye now, is he not?

ANN: (Finally Ann nods yes and falls to the ground panting.) It is as you said. The air is so strong it doth penetrate my very soul.

THOMAS: (Looking for his wife, he calls in a loud whisper.) Ann, Ann have you gone home?

ANN SENIOR: (She hears him and rushes to kneel by her daughter.) Thomas, come quickly.

THOMAS: (sees his daughter on the ground) Ann, have you fallen ill?

ANN: I . . .

ANN SENIOR: What would you expect, Thomas? The child has not had a drop of milk since the cow died.

THOMAS: Aye, and there is enough goat’s milk about to let it go sour.

ANN: Goat’s milk tastes foul.

THOMAS: You will be drinking it tonight, just the same.

ANN: I am not ill, really. (stands)

ANN SENIOR: (diverting attention) Is the Reverend, Master Parris still about?

THOMAS: I have been chattering away with him for the past quarter hour waiting for you. I cannot speak of the weather much longer.

ANN SENIOR: Patience, Thomas. I am just looking after Ann.

THOMAS: Well, be quick about it. I have not the same gift for idle chatter as you. (crosses to Parris)

ANN: What must you speak to Master Parris about?

ANN SENIOR: (pulls her aside) Now that the Pastor has graced our congregation, we must move quickly to secure our standing.

ANN: Our standing?
ANN SENIOR: I shall invite the Reverend Master Parris and his wife to our house for tea, while Mercy and you escort his niece and daughter to their home.

ANN: Aye.

ANN SENIOR: Take the north path to avoid the thick woods.

ANN: I shall.

ANN SENIOR: And take these for protection. (She hands Ann Junior apple seeds.)

ANN: Apple seeds?

ANN SENIOR: The forest is a den for Satan and his followers.

ANN: Mama . . .

ANN SENIOR: Have faith, Ann. If an evil spirit doth afflict thee toss these seeds at the creature. The Lord shall guide ye.

ANN: Perhaps Mercy should escort the Pastor’s daughter.

ANN SENIOR: Mercy can nay be trusted, Ann.

ANN: Pray, let me come home with you.

THOMAS: (entering) Master Parris is preparing to leave, Ann. If the child is ill, I will summon Dr. Griggs.

ANN: (quietly) Mercy can walk with them.

ANN SENIOR: I am well able to care for my own daughter.

THOMAS: Is she still ailing?

ANN SENIOR: Nay. Shall we attend to Master Parris?

THOMAS: Pray we are not too late. (Thomas and Ann Senior cross to Parris.)

ANN: Mama . . . (She holds the seeds in her hand and runs off stage.)
ANN SENIOR: (Ann Senior and Thomas Putnam join Parris.) That was indeed an inspiring sermon, Master Parris.

THOMAS: Aye, Salem Village is truly blessed by your presence. If the congregation had any doubts as to your . . .

PARRIS: Yes, I have heard of these “doubts.” What kind of soul would question a man of the cloth?

ANN SENIOR: What my good husband meant to say was that Salem Village is indebted to you.

PARRIS: Yet they refuse to supply my home with firewood.

ANN SENIOR: There are those among us . . .

PARRIS: And they squabble over my meager salary.

ANN SENIOR: We would be honored if you and your wife would join our table this afternoon to discuss these matters.

THOMAS: I pray you do not lay blame on us for the disgraceful behavior of our neighbors.

PARRIS: I accept your generous offer, Mrs. Putnam, but first I must escort my daughter Betty and her cousin Abigail home.

ANN SENIOR: Our servant Mercy Lewis and my daughter Ann would be most happy to accompany them to your house.

THOMAS: Then, in the privacy of our home, we may speak quite frankly of our good neighbors.

PARRIS: As you wish. (They exit and the rest of the congregation leave except for Ann Junior, Mercy, Abigail, and Betty.)

SCENE 2

The four girls stare at each other. There is a pause.

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ANN: *(making conversation)* They say you lived in Barbados.

BETTY: Aye, it is a wondrous land.

ABIGAIL: *(with false politeness)* If you would be so kind as to excuse us, we shall be heading home now.

MERCY: And I will be taking you there.

ABIGAIL: We are quite familiar with the path home, Mary Lewis.

MERCY: Mercy.

ABIGAIL: Aye, may God have mercy on this wretched place.

MERCY: I am named Mercy Lewis.

BETTY: She knows this, I am sure.

MERCY: *(with authority)* I will be taking charge of you.

ABIGAIL: *(takes no notice)* Have you a pleasant day, Mercy Lewis, and you too, the smaller Ann Putnam.

     Come, Betty.

BETTY: I hope we shall see you next Sunday.

ANN: Your father has ordered that you shall see us now, Betty Parris.

MERCY: Did you not hear him say we are to walk you to your door?

ABIGAIL: Aye, but I am very well able to be finding our door.

ANN: But we are to go with you.

ABIGAIL: Do you always do as you are told, Ann Putnam?

ANN: *(lying)* No.

ABIGAIL: Then find a thing to occupy yourself until sunset.

MERCY: You’ll not be leaving us, Miss Abigail Williams. Although I must say, I would prefer it.

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BETTY: Why can they not come home with us, Abigail?

ABIGAIL: And who says we shall be going home?

BETTY: Father does.

ABIGAIL: Poor little Betty. (She takes a bite of an apple. Dorcy Good has been watching them for a time. She is four years old and dressed in beggar’s clothes.)

MERCY: I’ll not be whipped on the count of you, Abigail Williams.

ABIGAIL: And I’ll not be bored on the count of you.

DORCY: (Dorcy makes her way over to the girls. She looks so pitiful that Betty and Abigail are immediately taken by her presence. Ann and Mercy look at her in disgust.) Could you spare a small piece of your apple, Miss?

ABIGAIL: (handing it to her) You may finish it, surely.

ANN: (Ann shoves the apple out of Dorcy’s hand and pushes her over on the ground.) Go back to the devil, you horrid creature.

ABIGAIL: (Abigail and Betty are truly shocked by Ann’s behavior.) I made a gift of the apple, Ann Putnam.

ANN: Would you make such a gift to Satan himself?

ABIGAIL: Be you an imbecile?

SARAH: (Sarah Good has spotted the girls and runs to Dorcy.) Dorcy, my child. My poor child. (Dorcy runs to her arms. Betty and Abigail stand petrified. Ann and Mercy are not affected.)

ANN: (spits at her) The devil take you, Sarah Good.

SARAH: (Sarah is about to strike Ann, but thinks better of it.) I should have known it would be the likes of you, Ann Putnam. You are just as hateful as your mother. Shame on you. Shame on all of you. My poor
child has not a bite to eat for two days now. Has God not placed one ounce of pity in the cold hearts of you Putnams?

MERCY: Listen to the old witch speak of God.

SARAH: Were I a witch, I would surely cast a spell on you.

ANN: Have you not had enough evil conjuring?

SARAH: God will punish you, Ann Putnam. I need not be concerned with that. (She picks up Dorcy and starts to leave.)

MERCY: (Mercy picks up a rock and throws it at Sarah.) I shall see you burn in Hell, witch. (Ann joins in with the rock throwing and harassment.)

SARAH: (as she runs off) A curse on you. A curse on you, I say.

MERCY: (Betty and Abigail are in shock.) Ann, look, she has bewitched Abigail and little Betty.

ABIGAIL: (quickly coming to her senses) It is not the devil that put us in a state, Mercy. We would surely be flogged for such foulness.

BETTY: Be she really a witch, Ann?

ANN: Aye, and she hath cast her devilment upon us before.

ABIGAIL: I have heard no talk of a witch in Salem Village.

ANN: There be more than one, and not only in Salem. My mother found the devil in Andover, not more than a year ago. She could not prove the woman to be a witch, and so they set the wench free.

BETTY: We saw a witch hung in Boston, did we not, Abigail?

ABIGAIL: Aye, if she were truly a witch.

BETTY: She must have been, or why should she be hanged?

ABIGAIL: I cannot do all your thinking for you.

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BETTY: What spells has this witch cast upon your house?

ANN: My mother speaks of many vile acts. I cannot tell you these.

BETTY: Why not?

ANN: They would surely make your hair stand up on your neck.

MERCY: Aye.

ABIGAIL: In Barbados there are evil spirits in every tree. They dance at night and court young girls.

BETTY: (scared) That is not true.

ABIGAIL: They fly above the island and drop the maidens in the ocean, unless they agree to commit vile sins with Satan himself.

BETTY: That is a lie!

ANN: There is one incident which I myself witnessed.

MERCY: Aye, the one with the cow.

ANN: About a month ago Goody Good came to our door begging food and such. When my mother turned her away empty handed, she left muttering some evil curse.

ABIGAIL: Does your mother not believe in charity for the poor?

ANN: (The girls gather around her.) Goody Good used to have as much money as anyone. Then her husband died and she lost everything. There must be some reason God would inflict such hardship on a woman. She is a servant of the devil, no doubt.

MERCY: Tell them what happened to the cow.

ANN: The very next day after the spell had been cast, our milking cow died.

MERCY: She was a healthy cow, too.

ANN: How can you explain that, if not by witchcraft?

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ABIGAIL: Perhaps, but even so, it seems like a mild case—hardly worth telling.

MERCY: She has done worse than that. She has murdered babies.

ANN: Mercy!

MERCY: She eats their flesh.

ABIGAIL: Every witch does that.

BETTY: Let us go home, Abigail.

ABIGAIL: Aye, and Tituba can tell these Salem girls about the ways of the devil.

BETTY: We are to read the bible.

ABIGAIL: Aye, the truth may frighten our new friends.

MERCY: I shall not be frightened by talk of the devil.

ANN: Nor I.

BETTY: Father said . . .

ABIGAIL: You may do as you like. Perhaps you should walk behind us, lest our conversation scare you.

BETTY: I shall walk with you.

ABIGAIL: Then get on with it. (They exit.)

SCENE 3

As the girls exit, the PUTNAMS enter with teacups. They sit on the base of the throne. PARRIS holds his cup out and drinks seated at his throne.

PARRIS: (in mid conversation) No, Putnam, I blame you. I came to this God forsaken village on your assurances.

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THOMAS: What would you have me do?

PARRIS: Negotiate.

THOMAS: With what?

PARRIS: Did you know that Judas sold our Lord Jesus Christ for thirty pieces of silver?

THOMAS: Aye, but what has that . . .

PARRIS: Thirty pieces of silver for the Son of God!

ANN SENIOR: (getting in his good graces) He was worth far more.

PARRIS: I should say so, Mrs. Putnam, at least three times that sum.

THOMAS: Forgive me Master Parris, but what is your point?

PARRIS: My point, Putnam, is that your efforts have failed. The whole of my salary, including provisions, stands at a mere sixty pounds.

THOMAS: (exasperated) I have taken every possible opportunity . . .

PARRIS: (dryly) So you said. Now, I have a proposal that I myself will bring before the council. But I will need the support of the Putnams.

THOMAS: Of course.

PARRIS: Good. (ending the conversation) With God's help we can rectify this unfortunate situation once and for all.

THOMAS: What is it that I am supporting? If I may inquire.

PARRIS: (losing patience) Worshippers from outside of Salem Village come to my parish, do they not?

THOMAS: There were at least seven such persons this morning.

ANN SENIOR: There were twelve.

PARRIS: Twelve. And these persons, I assume, made donations to the church?
THOMAS: To be sure.

PARRIS: And where do these proceeds go?

THOMAS: To the village coffers, I believe.

PARRIS: I say they will go to me, as a bonus. I want to know who makes the donations and how much they give. In fact, I would like to extend that policy to the entire congregation. As it is I have no record of who supports my presence and who opposes me.

THOMAS: I can certainly give you those names, Master Parris.

PARRIS: (sharply) I want records kept, Putnam. I shall do it myself.

THOMAS: As you wish.

ANN SENIOR: Would you care for more tea, Master Parris?

PARRIS: No, thank you. I believe our business is through for today.

THOMAS: (Ann Senior and Thomas exchange glances.) Master Parris, could I trouble you for just a moment longer?

PARRIS: If you will be brief.

ANN SENIOR: My husband has a proposal of his own to make.

THOMAS: I can speak for myself, surely.

ANN SENIOR: Then get on with it. Our new reverend has much to do. Have you not, Master Parris?

PARRIS: Indeed, Mrs. Putnam.

THOMAS: I am a simple man, Master Parris, a farmer by trade. I will put it to you plainly.

PARRIS: Go on.

THOMAS: As you know, your main support in this congregation comes from those of the Putnam family.

There are, in total, twenty-one Putnams who voted for your appointment.

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ANN SENIOR: *(jumps on this)* Twenty-five *(softens)*, if you count your sisters’ husbands.

THOMAS: At any rate, we Putnams represent over a quarter of your support in this congregation.

PARRIS: What is your point?

THOMAS: Master Parris, with all due respect we have sat patiently listening to all your demands. This sort of thing does not come as easily to me, I not having your experience in commerce.

PARRIS: I see.

ANN SENIOR: There is no need to be in bad temper, Thomas. Master Parris knows how important the Putnams are to him. He’d be more than happy to appoint our kinfolk to positions within the church. After all, he will need deacons, church elders, and such. And why not appoint those who laid the foundation for his employment. *(pause)* Your tea is quite cold.

PARRIS: I will have a drop more, thank you. I believe that such appointments would be beneficial to us all. But, if I consent, Putnam, you must move to end those squabbles with your neighbors. A divided congregation does hurt my standing.

THOMAS: Israel Porter builds a dam, flooding my richest soil and you would have me embrace him.

PARRIS: If it would bring them under the wing of my congregation, I say you must.

THOMAS: His dealings have cheated my family out of our rightful inheritance.

ANN SENIOR: It is strange indeed that a man would pass over his eldest son and leave the bulk of his holdings to his second wife. What kind of power does such a woman possess?

PARRIS: *(bored with this)* My friends, it is clear you have been wronged by these jealous neighbors of yours.

ANN SENIOR: There have been evil deeds worse than this.

THOMAS: I cannot tell you the hardships my wife and I have had to endure.

PARRIS: These are indeed hard times, for all.
ANN SENIOR: Hard enough without the help of Satan.

PARRIS: Are you implying that the devil has played a role in your misfortune?

ANN SENIOR: There be no doubt.

PARRIS: Witchcraft is a serious charge, Mrs. Putnam.

ANN SENIOR: I have suffered many a serious loss. (She starts to cry. Thomas stares at her admonishingly.)

THOMAS: You must not talk about it, dear.

ANN SENIOR: Not long ago a curse was placed upon us, killing our milking cow. And me with so many mouths to feed.

PARRIS: One must have evidence to lay such a charge.

ANN SENIOR: Then advise us, Master Parris. (Ann Senior stands and crosses down right. As she speaks, the nightmare music begins to play. The two assistants enter the playing space with a long rope. During the following speech they dance with the rope and eventually tie it to two trees to be used as a clothesline. They finally bring out a steaming cauldron. They set it on a circle of rocks as if it were on a fire.) I have heard that there are ways of uncovering such evils. That when one's livestock is cursed and dies, the identity of the witch who cast this wicked spell may be discovered. One only need cut off the ears of the animal and toss them into the fire. Within the heat of the flames the witch's imp shall be released from the ears and its master shall be the first to arrive there. (Thomas places a firm hand on her shoulder to stop her from continuing.)

PARRIS: I caution you both. The use of witchcraft, even in defending yourself against the devil, is strictly forbidden, and punishable by death. Do you understand?

THOMAS: My wife had no intention of . . .

ANN SENIOR: Yes, we understand each other. (The Putnams exit and the music ends.)

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Scene 4

TITUBA enters singing the song of the yellow bird. She carries a basket and paddle. She crosses to the cauldron and stirs the contents.

TITUBA: (sings) Yellow Bird, sitting all alone in a tree.

Yellow Bird, sitting all alone like me.

Where’s your lady friend?

Say she’ll be back again.

Yes she fly away.

You’re more luckier than me.

I wish I were a yellow bird.

I would fly away, too.

Since I’m not a yellow bird,

I’m going to stay here with you.

Toward the end of the song, the four girls enter laughing and out of breath. When ANN and MERCY catch sight of TITUBA over the cauldron, they freeze. BETTY runs to hug her.

TITUBA: So, how did your father’s first sermon go?

BETTY: Very well.

ABIGAIL: One more blessed verse, and I would have hurled that bible right in his face. I swear it.

TITUBA: One of these days you’re going to be talking up a storm, child, and he’ll be right around the corner, hearing every word you say. (Abigail shrugs.) And who is this you brought home with you?
ABIGAIL: Two beggar children we found on the road.

BETTY: She is a liar, Tituba.

TITUBA: Is that so?

BETTY: They are from the Putnam house. Father says they shall join us in our bible reading.

TITUBA: (looks at the two frozen girls and smiles) Do they have names?


TITUBA: It’s a pleasure to meet you, Ann.

MERCY: (Prompted by Ann, she speaks.) And I am Mercy Lewis.

TITUBA: Well, sit you down Mercy and Ann. Betty, go fetch your friends some biscuits and tea from the house.

BETTY: Aye, Tituba.

ANN: (walks slowly to the cauldron) What is it that you are cooking?

MERCY: It smells foul.

ANN: Mercy.

TITUBA: Would you not like a taste?

ANN: (shakes her head) No, thank you.

TITUBA: I don’t blame you. It’s not for eating.

MERCY: What is it for, then?

TITUBA: Sleeping on. (laughs) I’m giving the beddings a good washing.

ANN & MERCY: Ah. (They laugh nervously. Betty enters and hands Tituba the tin. She opens it and hands it back to Betty.)
TITUBA: You can each have one now, and another one later. (Betty passes them out. Abigail grabs two and stares defiantly at Tituba.) I suppose Abigail would like both of hers now. (She takes the tin from Abigail and closes it.) You better get to your reading.

ABIGAIL: Tituba, what was that song?

TITUBA: Now what song would that be?

ABIGAIL: The one you were singing.

TITUBA: I sing a lot of songs.

BETTY: She means the one you were singing when we came home.

TITUBA: Oh, that one.

ABIGAIL: What is it called?

TITUBA: That’s the song of the yellow bird. (Ann and Mercy stare at each other.)

ABIGAIL: Can you teach it to us?

TITUBA: (notices Ann and Mercy’s reaction) I don’t know. Your two friends look like they just swallowed a yellow bird.

ANN: A yellow bird is an instrument of Satan, is it not?

TITUBA: No. He is one of God’s creatures, don’t you know. (She sees that the two girls are not convinced and decides not to press it.) There are many birds though.

BETTY: Tituba and I found a robin’s nest.

TITUBA: Then maybe you want to sing about the robin.

MERCY: We see blue jays near our house.

TITUBA: Oh, we can sing about them, too.

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TITUBA: Betty, Abigail, come let’s teach Mercy the song of Chee Chee Bird-O. (Tituba teaches them the song. Ann watches at first. The other girls are charmed into the song and begin to pick up on Tituba’s movements. They finally pull Ann Junior into the dance.)

Chee Chee Bird-O (hold note)
Some of them a halla some a ball,
Some a ______. (fill in name of bird. Example: robins.)
Some of them a halla some a ball,
Some a ______. (fill in name of bird. Example: blue jays.)

Peel head Jon Crow
Sit down in a tree top
Pick off the blossoms.
Come let me hold your hand gal,
Come let me hold your hand.
It’s a long time gal me never see you.
Come let me reel and turn gal,
Come let me reel and turn.

When the song is over, the girls fall on the ground. ANN, BETTY, and MERCY are embarrassed that they let go.

TITUBA: You sing as beautiful as the birds themselves. Now you must go do your reading.

ABIGAIL: Tituba, how could you tell if there be witches in Salem Village?

TITUBA: What kind of nonsense are you talking now?

ANN: It’s a fact.

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ABIGAIL: Tell them about real witchcraft, in Barbados.

TITUBA: I don't know anything about witchcraft, in Barbados or anywhere else. Now pick up your bibles and read, before I tell your uncle.

ABIGAIL: But you knew of a witch doctor there.

TITUBA: And a witch doctor protects a village from evil spirits.

ABIGAIL: How could he tell if there be evil spirits about?

TITUBA: What's all this talk of witchcraft, or are you trying to get out of your reading?

ANN: There are witches in this town that would do harm to me and my kin.

TITUBA: Then you best pray to God, child.

MERCY: She has been cursed this very day. We all saw it.

BETTY: We did.

ABIGAIL: What would the witch doctor do if we were in his village?

TITUBA: He'd surely take you over his knee for not doing what you're told. Now if you're going to be standing here, you might as well help me with this washing. (She pulls the wet steaming sheets from the cauldron and slaps them on a rock.) Lord knows what kind of vermin crawled into that trunk on the boat here. You can't be too careful, you know. (The girls stare at the sheets.) You don't think they're going to wring themselves out, do you?

BETTY: No.

TITUBA: Then get to work. (Abigail and Betty reluctantly take a sheet and begin wringing it out. Ann and Mercy follow suit.)

ANN: Tituba . . . Abigail told us that on the island of Barbados, there be evil spirits in every tree.

TITUBA: (laughs) Did she?
MERCY: It is not true, is it?

TITUBA: Well now, I’m not sure. I haven’t inspected every tree.

ABIGAIL: There are. I have seen them.

TITUBA: And I’ve seen glorious spirits dancing through the Island trees. But I’ll tell you one thing (looks at Ann), if you’re set and determined to find evil in the world, sooner or later it will find you. (The girls stare at Tituba.) Now, are you going to hang those bedclothes up, or stand there with your mouths hanging open? (The girls catch themselves and hang the sheets on the line.)

ANN: What do spirits look like when they are dancing?

TITUBA: It depends who’s doing the looking.

ABIGAIL: What do you see?

TITUBA: Oh, I see the future, and the past and the present, as if they were all rolled up into one time, or no time.

ABIGAIL: Tituba can see the future in tealeaves.

MERCY: (Mercy gulps down her tea.) What do mine say?

TITUBA: I didn’t say that I would.

MERCY: Please.

TITUBA: (pause) All right, just this once. But you mustn’t tell nobody.

MERCY: I swear it.

ANN: (Tituba looks at Ann.) I swear it.

TITUBA: Very well then, let’s have a look. (stares into the cup) Ah . . .

MERCY: What?! What do you see?

TITUBA: Hush!

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MERCY: Sorry.

TITUBA: (examines the cup) Mmnn, that’s what I thought.

BETTY: What is it, Tituba?

TITUBA: The dagger. (The girls gasp.) Danger lies ahead.

MERCY: What kind of danger?

TITUBA: Don’t be so curious. It will bring trouble. (A pause, as the girls stare at each other.)

ANN: Can you . . . speak to the dead?

TITUBA: No. And I don’t want to!

ANN: I do.

TITUBA: No you don’t, child.

ABIGAIL: She can see other things.

TITUBA: It’s a dangerous business.

MERCY: Can you tell me whom I am to marry?

TITUBA: No. (pause) But I will tell a true story about a young girl who did.

BETTY: Did what?

TITUBA: Summoned the spirit of her groom to be.

MERCY: Then you do know how.

TITUBA: Now this girl, you see, couldn’t wait for things to take their right and natural course. So she gathered some of her friends into the woods to help her perform a Silent Tea. (The girls gather around her and sit mesmerized. As the music begins to play, the Female Assistant acts out the ritual, as if it were in the imagination of the girls.) Before she could begin the ceremony, she had to fast for three full days. And on the third day, she baked a loaf of cornbread. But the girl had to make sure that every step she
took, was a step backward. When she mixed the cornbread, she had to add the last thing first and the first thing last. And when she came to the woods, everyone had to be silent, or the spell would break.

Then in the silence, always taking her steps back, she set a table for two. One plate for her and one for the spirit of her groom, the cornbread in the center with a knife. And finally she made the tea, pouring the boiling water in first and then the special tealeaves. The girl poured a cup for each of her friends first, then herself, then her guest to be. She took a deep breath and sat down at the table and at the same moment all the girls turned their cups to the left three times and took a sip of the tea. And then it happened.

BETTY: What?

TITUBA: (The Male Assistant enters in a white, flowing, hooded robe. He passes through the sheets on the clothesline becoming the spirit groom.) The spirit of her future groom came to her and sat at the table. The figure was like a ghost and only she could see the face of her husband. (The groom kneels facing the bride. His back is to the audience. He takes off his hood only long enough for his bride to see his face.) Her friends saw nothing but a white shapeless figure. And then he was gone. And the knife had disappeared. (The bride and groom exit quickly pulling the clothesline and the sheets off with them. The music ends.)

MERCY: Did it work?

TITUBA: Have you not been listening?

MERCY: But, was she wed to the man she saw that night?

TITUBA: She was. Ill-fated though she be. For three years they were married, and happy, too. Until one night, she told him about the Silent Tea and how it was his face she saw. He stared at her and then he took out a wood box she had never seen before. You know what was inside the box, don’t you? It was
the knife, from the table. And he said, “You were the witch who put me through that night of hell!”

And he stabbed her with the knife, and left her there to die.

**BETTY:** Did she . . . die?

**TITUBA:** Almost, child, almost. But lucky for her, I happen to notice him storming out in a rage and when he was gone, I went in and found her. Or else she’d be dead for sure. That’s how I know these things.

**MERCY:** Do you know of any other ways to see your future husband?

**TITUBA:** No. (pause) Now, isn’t it time you go and do what your father asked?

**BETTY:** He and Mama will be home soon for dinner.

**TITUBA:** They will? And look at us just sitting around. Go do what you’re told.

**ANN:** Thank you for the tea, Tituba. Mercy and I should be starting home.

**MERCY:** Could you read Ann’s tealeaves?

**TITUBA:** Enough tea reading today. Remember, not a word. (They nod and start to leave.)

**SCENE 5**

_The music starts and the FEMALE and MALE ASSISTANTS enter. The FEMALE ASSISTANT carries a stake, the other shadows her movements. TITUBA and the two remaining girls exit. The ASSISTANTS begin to move as if they were being tormented. Finally the FEMALE ASSISTANT stabs the stake into the ground marking a grave site. As they exit, ANN SENIOR enters and kneels by the grave. With her arms she conjures a baby and holds it close to her. ANN JUNIOR has entered with a small bunch of wild flowers. She stands behind her mother watching her. ANN SENIOR does not notice her daughter. The music ends. After a pause, ANN JUNIOR finally speaks._

**ANN:** I told Mercy it would be best for her to go straight home.

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ANN SENIOR: (Ann Senior starts with fright. After gaining her composure she speaks.) I am glad you came.

(Pause as Ann Junior places her flowers on the grave and kneels across from her mother.) I had the dream again.

ANN: I heard you last night.

ANN SENIOR: It comes almost every night, now.

ANN: When I fell back to sleep, it came to me, too.

ANN SENIOR: This is truly a sign.

ANN: They cried out to me.

ANN SENIOR: Poor tormented souls.

ANN: They bid me to find who it was that murdered them.

ANN SENIOR: What vile creature would inflict such harm, and to one so innocent as a newborn child?

ANN: I saw my tiny brother his eyes burning with pain. Then your sister appeared in winding sheets with all her lifeless children about her, their eyes upon me crying for me to help them. How can I help them?

ANN SENIOR: I am told I need proof that the evil hand is upon us. Tell me, how does one prove what is invisible?

ANN: There are those who are given sight into this invisible world.

ANN SENIOR: If only I knew such a person.

ANN: I . . . may know of one.

ANN SENIOR: Speak up, child.

ANN: She claims she cannot speak to the dead. But I believe her to be lying.

ANN SENIOR: Tell me what person this is, who speaks with spirits.

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ANN: She sees the future. Is it not possible she can see the past?

ANN SENIOR: Answer me, child. Who is this person?

ANN: I cannot say. I made a promise.

ANN SENIOR: Ann, if there be someone who may ease our torment, you must tell.

ANN: I could ask her for you.

ANN SENIOR: Has she some hold on you?

ANN: None. I swear.

ANN SENIOR: Are you not my own daughter? My namesake?

ANN: Aye, but I . . .

ANN SENIOR: Then how could you keep this from me? Have I not told you ought of my life? My dreams?

You dare not confide in your own mother? Could it be the devil has made you swear?

ANN: Nay, by my word.

ANN SENIOR: Then how is it you are my daughter?

ANN: (almost in tears) It is Tituba.

ANN SENIOR: Who?

ANN: The Parris' serving woman.

ANN SENIOR: Tituba.

ANN: She read Mercy's tealeaves. And Abigail says she can do more things, too.

ANN SENIOR: (as if trying the word on) Tituba.

ANN: She knows how girls may summon the spirit of the man they are to wed. She told us this.

ANN SENIOR: You must have a talk with this Tituba.

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ANN: Not if the Reverend Master Parris is about.

ANN SENIOR: Nay, he must know nothing of this. But next Sunday, I shall invite the Master Parris to our home. And you shall go to theirs. Do you know what to do?

ANN: Aye, mother.

ANN SENIOR: You are my precious daughter, after all.

ANN SENIOR gets up as if in a dream and exits. ANN JUNIOR sinks by the grave and falls asleep. The music picks up as she dreams. The MALE ASSISTANT moves to her and offers his hand, she looks up and slowly takes it. She stands and they begin to waltz in a large circle. The FEMALE ASSISTANT enters in the white costume from before. She folds her arms as if holding a baby. She holds the baby out to ANN. ANN starts to reach for it, but the MALE ASSISTANT makes her continue dancing. In the background the other cast members enter ceremoniously from behind the scrim. They quietly take their place in church. The tempo picks up as ANN tries furiously to escape the dancer and reach for the baby. As they reach a climax, ANN breaks free of the MALE ASSISTANT. ANN turns to the FEMALE ASSISTANT who makes a motion as if making the baby disappear. The FEMALE ASSISTANT runs to the side of her counterpart. ANN turns back to the MALE ASSISTANT and raises her arms as if holding on. The MALE ASSISTANT also holds his arms up, but makes a motion with his hands of releasing ANN. The ASSISTANTS exit quickly. ANN spirals toward the benches in slow motion as if falling from a great height. The music ends abruptly. She sits up with a start to hear PARRIS’ booming voice. She is in church.

SCENE 6

PARRIS removes his hood and stands. He speaks to the congregation.

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PARRIS: From the Book of Revelations, Chapter 17: Verse 14, “These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them: For he is the Lord of Lords, and the King of Kings. And they that are with him are called, and chosen and faithful.” Our Lord knows that this war shall last as long as Satan can fight. It shall not be forever and always. Caution and admonition to all and every one of us to beware of making war with the Lamb. For one may do so with pious intent. The temptation is great when a soul is tormented by a servant of the devil; that is when we have been cursed and that curse brings misfortune to our family or property.

What is meant by temptation? Temptation is an instrument of the devil. The devil may offer all kinds of spells. The devil may sayeth, “Beware, beware of the Snake. He who summons Satan to expose his servants, becomes a vile slave of the devil.” Our Lord sayeth, “Have faith. After this life the saints shall no more be tormented with war from devils and their instruments. The city of heaven, provided for saints, is well walled and well gated, so that no devils, nor their instruments shall enter there-in.”

Amen.

ALL: Amen.

ANN and THOMAS PUTNAM start to leave in a hurry, but are stopped by PARRIS’ voice.

PARRIS: Ah, Mr. and Mrs. Putnam, I trust you took my sermon to heart.

THOMAS: Please believe we did indeed heed your warning.

PARRIS: (dryly) I am pleased.

ANN SENIOR: You offered us such good counsel. I was hoping to repay your kindness by inviting you and Mrs. Parris once more to our humble home.

PARRIS: You are too kind, Mrs. Putnam. Shall we say next Thursday?
ANN SENIOR: I was hoping you could join us this afternoon. I have taken the liberty of instructing Mercy and Ann to accompany your daughter and niece home.

PARRIS: Have you?

THOMAS: Thursday would be perfectly acceptable . . .

ANN SENIOR: I am afraid there are urgent matters that concern you, Reverend.

PARRIS: What sort of matters, Mrs. Putnam?

ANN SENIOR: It may not be wise to speak with so many people about. But I can tell you that it concerns your salary.

PARRIS: I thought that business was over and done with.

THOMAS: I can assure you . . .

ANN SENIOR: . . . that there are still those who would see you undone. It would be a disservice to you, if I did not speak out.

PARRIS: (pause) Very well, dear lady, I am at your disposal.

ANN SENIOR: Splendid.

ANN SENIOR and THOMAS exit. PARRIS replaces his hood and watches the following scene.

SCENE 7

BETTY and ABIGAIL enter the space and stop by the tree.

BETTY: They are not here.

ABIGAIL: I can see that.

BETTY: I am sure they decided not to come.
ABIGAIL: And you would go home?

BETTY: It may be wise.

ABIGAIL: Then go.

BETTY: Not by myself.

ABIGAIL: Then stay, and do not be such a pest.

BETTY: (pause) He knows.

ABIGAIL: How would he? Unless you . . .

BETTY: I would not! But why should he deliver such a sermon?

ABIGAIL: What is it now?

BETTY: He spoke of conjuring.

ABIGAIL: (bored) Did he?

BETTY: Did you not hear him?

ABIGAIL: I was not listening.

BETTY: We are on the path to Hell no doubt.

ABIGAIL: Then we might as well have a bit of sport on the way.

BETTY: I do not desire to meet the devil, Abigail.

ABIGAIL: And what of a newborn baby?

BETTY: What of it?

ABIGAIL: Your father is a man of God. Is he not?

BETTY: You know he is.
ABIGAIL: Then tell me, if a child is born and by some unhappy chance dies before he is blessed, what is his fate?

BETTY: He is bound for Hell, although he may dwell in the easiest room of that place.

ABIGAIL: And so this child, who could have no knowledge of sin is cast to the devil. Tell me then, what chance do the likes of us have in entering the kingdom of Heaven?

BETTY: Aye, but it must be worse for those in league with Satan.

ABIGAIL: Would you sign his book?

BETTY: Not by my life!

ABIGAIL: Neither would I. Please stop worrying. (Ann and Mercy enter down the hill. Mercy carries a basket.) You certainly took your time.

ANN: My mother kept me after the service. Your uncle will be home before the dinner hour. We must be there by then.

ABIGAIL: Then we had best get started.

MERCY: Abigail . . .

ABIGAIL: What did you forget?

MERCY: Not a thing . . . I . . . it is only that I . . .

ANN: I found her filling her face with bread and molasses behind the barn, and on Friday, too.

ABIGAIL: I knew we could not trust these Salem girls.

MERCY: I was hungry.

BETTY: Tituba has baked some fresh muffins at home.

ABIGAIL: You have ruined us now. I do not know why you bothered to bring these things.

ANN: You need not be concerned. I found someone to take her place.

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BETTY: Tituba says she must fast for three days.

ANN: Aye, and Mary Warren often goes for that and longer without food.

MERCY: She says her mistress scarcely feeds her.

ABIGAIL: Who else have you told?

ANN: No one. I swear.

ABIGAIL: We would be in for a beating if this be known.

ANN: Mary would not say a word. (gossiping) It is the spirit of her Master, John Proctor, she wishes to see.

ABIGAIL: He is married, is he not?

BETTY: Aye, and his wife is with child.

ANN: Even so, Mary has her eye on him, you can be sure. She says his wife is bad tempered.

MERCY: It would suit her if Goody Proctor died on the birthing bed.

ABIGAIL: No matter. She shall see her groom, whether it be John Proctor or not. But has she baked the bread?

ANN: This morning, and in the proper fashion.

MERCY: (Sees Mary Warren and Elizabeth Hubbard and calls out to them.) Mary! Down here!

ABIGAIL: Shhh. Must you tell the entire village.

MERCY: (defiantly) There be no one else here.

ABIGAIL: Who walks with her?

ANN: It looks to be Elizabeth Hubbard, niece of Dr. Griggs.

ABIGAIL: You swore you told no one else.

ANN: It was not me. (Mercy’s face turns red with guilt. The girls stare at her.)

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ABIGAIL: Why did you not invite the entire village?

MERCY: Elizabeth is my closest friend. She swore she would not tell a soul.

ABIGAIL: As I remember, so did you.

MARY: (entering) What must I do with this bread?

ABIGAIL: Eat it for ought I care. Betty, let us go home.

BETTY: Aye, I am ready.

MERCY: Mary, tell Abigail how long you have fasted.

MARY: Today shall be the fourth.

ABIGAIL: With so many girls we should be discovered, no doubt. You may do as you please. Betty and I shall find some trustworthy companions.

ANN: None of us wishes to be found out. Why should we tell?

MARY: My Master would see me horsewhipped. You may believe, I shall not say a word.

ELIZABETH: Nor I. I swear by my mother’s grave.

ANN: We have gathered all that we need (begins to unload her basket), the bread, the tea pot, and cups, the boiling water, the knife and the tealeaves.

ABIGAIL: (considers these things, then makes the decision to give it a try) Those leaves will not do. I found these in Tituba’s trunk.

BETTY: You stole them?

ABIGAIL: One hand full.

BETTY: I do not like this.

ABIGAIL: Another word from you, and I shall send you home by yourself.

BETTY: The end of the world is close at hand. I know it.
MERCY: Aye, I have heard that, too. Last week Mary Walcott said . . .

ABIGAIL: This is supposed to be a silent tea.

MARY: I am ready.

ANN: Me, too.

ELIZABETH: May I knit during the ceremony?

ABIGAIL: If it will keep you quiet.

BETTY: What is that you are knitting, Elizabeth?

ABIGAIL: Sit and be silent. (She waits for all to do this.) Now, first we must make a pledge that no matter what comes of this business, no one shall breathe a word of it to any living soul. (She scratches a cross in the dirt and kneels. She motions for the other girls to join her. They form a circle and hold hands.)

ALL: We swear.

ABIGAIL: Then let the Silent Tea begin.

MERCY: (whispers to Mary) If it be John Proctor’s face you see, you must confess it.

MARY (Outraged) Did you tell . . .

ABIGAIL: Shhhh!

ABIGAIL motions for everyone to take a position around the space. MARY stands and walks backward. She sets a table for two on a stump. She places cornbread between the two plates, and carefully places the knife. The girls’ attentions are riveted on the knife, except for ELIZABETH, who is busy knitting. MARY makes the tea and places a cup in front of each girl. She sits at the stump. Off of MARY’s cue, the girls begin to turn the cups three times to the left. ABIGAIL notices that ELIZABETH is still knitting. She elbows her to get her to join in. Together they drink it. Then they wait. ELIZABETH returns to her knitting. The music begins and the MALE ASSISTANT appears in the white costume from before. All the girls, except
for ELIZABETH, see him and are transfixed on his every move. The figure points at MARY and moves to her. He sits across from her and removes his hood exposing an executioner’s hood. Only MARY sees this. She is terrified and begins to scream. This scares the other girls including ELIZABETH who accidentally stabs herself with her knitting needle. They all begin screaming. The figure disappears. MARY runs to the other girls, who frantically question her.

MARY: Death . . . it was death.

MERCY: Who was it you saw?

MARY: His face . . . oh Lord. (She screams.)

MERCY: But was it John Proctor?

MARY: Blackness . . . Am I to die?

ELIZABETH: I did not see him.

ABIGAIL moves to the knife and steals it with no one looking.

MARY: Did you not see his face, black with death? Is it he that is to die?

ABIGAIL: (stealing focus) The knife is gone!

MERCY: He claimed the knife!

This is too much for BETTY. She falls on the ground in fits. In the height of the hysteria PARRIS’ voice stuns all the girls except BETTY who continues in her fits.

PARRIS: What in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ is the nature of this spectacle? (The girls are too scared to speak.) I asked you girls a question. What mischief is this?

ABIGAIL: (musters all her strength) No mischief, Uncle. Our Betty has seen a snake. (crosses to her) The beast frightened her so.

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PARRIS: What sort of snake?

ABIGAIL: A common one, Sir. She shall recover soon. (places a hand on Betty’s shoulder) Will you not, Betty? (Betty quiets down and goes into a trance-like state.)

PARRIS: She is a frail child, at that. Still it may be wise to have her seen by Dr. Griggs.

ELIZABETH: He is my uncle, Sir.

PARRIS: Go to him, child. Tell him our Betty is ill.

ELIZABETH: I am on my way.

MARY: I shall go with her. (They leave in a hurry.)

PARRIS: Oh, why, has God sent me to this loathsome place? First, I am met with dissension. After, I am told that there is some grievance over my salary. And now my precious Betty is beset with fear. A snake you say?

ABIGAIL: I believe it to be one, sir.

PARRIS: The devil has done his work today. I must take the child home before confronting these villagers.

ABIGAIL: She seems quite calm now, Uncle. With the help of Mercy and Ann, I could bring her home.

PARRIS: You are the strong one, are you not?

ABIGAIL: Aye.

PARRIS: Very well. Inform Dr. Griggs that I shall return momentarily.

ABIGAIL: As you wish, Uncle.

PARRIS replaces his hood and continues to watch. ANN and MERCY stare at ABIGAIL. The three girls burst into laughter.

ABIGAIL: Did you see Mary and Elizabeth run up that hill?

MERCY: One would think the devil himself was chasing them.

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ANN: (takes deep breaths) Why am I laughing? I was never so terrified in my life.

MERCY: I thought he would beat us for sure.

ABIGAIL: Do not make more of it than it was. I am tired of this. We must escort my poor ailing cousin to her bed. (They look at Betty who is still in a trance.)

ANN: What is it that ails her?

MERCY: She looks pale as ashes.

ABIGAIL: She jumps at her own shadow. (tries to snap Betty out of her state) Betty we are going home now. (lightly shakes her) Betty, did you not hear me? You wanted to go home, and now we are. Betty, you are not a baby. Stand up so we can go home. If you think we are going to carry you all the way, we are not.

ANN: Maybe she did see a snake.

MERCY: Abigail made that up.

ABIGAIL: And what do you know of it, Mercy Lewis?

MERCY: I know that Betty will not be walking home, poor thing. (In grand style, Abigail falls to the ground screaming. She imitates Betty’s fit. At first Ann and Mercy are frightened, then they see through the act.)

Abigail sits up with a start and stares ahead as if in a trance. Ann and Mercy look at each other and make a silent agreement to play along.) Ann, what shall we do?

ANN: I suppose we shall have to carry them both home.

MERCY: I am much too weak for that. Perhaps the two of us could lift Betty and bring her home.

ANN: But what of Abigail? We cannot just leave her here to die.

MERCY: Nay, we shall send her uncle to fetch her when he returns.

ANN: That is all we can do. (They pick up Betty and begin carrying her up the hill.)
MERCY: Poor Abigail.

ANN: Poor Abigail.

When the three girls are out of sight ABIGAIL drops the act. She stands up and brushes off her skirt. A brief section of the music is played and the ASSISTANTS make a sharp adjustment pointing at her. She does not see this, but senses it and it scares her. She runs up the hill.

ACT 2, SCENE 1

ELIZABETH HUBBARD enters cautiously. She looks around to make sure her companions are not in sight. Content that she is alone, she sits and begins knitting. MERCY and MARY call her name from backstage. They enter and spot ELIZABETH. MERCY calls out to her in a loud whisper.

MERCY: Elizabeth. (no answer) Elizabeth, we have been searching for you.

ELIZABETH: (intent on her knitting) Can I not finish this one row?

MERCY: (grabs the knitting) How can you knit at such a time?

ELIZABETH: It soothes me, surely. I would like it back now. (She tries to grab it.)

MERCY: Not yet. (throws it to Mary)

ELIZABETH: Be careful.

MARY: Tell us what your uncle said.

ELIZABETH: Why should I?

MARY: (pulling out one of the knitting needles) Because if you do not ... I shall start pulling.

ELIZABETH: Stop!

MARY: (hum as she begins to pull)

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ELIZABETH: I do not know much.

MARY: We know he went to their home.

ELIZABETH: Betty is ill. May I have my yarn, now? (goes for the yarn)

MARY: When you tell us something we do not already know. (She throws it to Mercy.)

MERCY: What news of Abigail?

ELIZABETH: (looks at Mercy defiantly) None.

MERCY: Are we not closest of friends?

ELIZABETH: Mary Walcott is my closest friend.

MERCY: (begins to pull) Tis such a pity, all this work.

ELIZABETH: (stopping her) Abigail is also afflicted.

MARY: With what ailment?

ELIZABETH: None to speak of.

MERCY: (hums and pulls the yarn)

ELIZABETH: I swear. My uncle says it is not an illness at all.

MARY: What is it then?

ELIZABETH: Poor Betty and Abigail are bewitched.

MERCY: I knew it.

ELIZABETH: Kindly return my knitting. (She reaches for the yarn, but Mercy throws it to Mary.)

MARY: Have our names been mentioned in this?

ELIZABETH: Why should they?

MERCY: If little Betty were frightened she might tell ought.
ELIZABETH: Do you hear what I say? She is not frightened, she is bewitched.

MARY: By whom?

ELIZABETH: She will not say. She does not speak, but stares at the wall, like this. *(She does her imitation.)*

Her father hadst ordered her to fast for three days to drive out the evil spirits, but she is only the worse for it.

MARY: Is she to die then?

ELIZABETH: I do not know. Mary Walcott says they will send her away from Salem Village.

MERCY: Where would they send her?

ELIZABETH: *(definite)* That is ought I know.

MERCY: *(considers this)* Give her the stupid yarn.

MARY: *(referring to the knitting)* What is this going to be?

ELIZABETH: My aunt asked me to knit a blanket for Goody Proctor’s baby.

MARY: *(furiously ripping out stitches)* Oooooh.

ELIZABETH: *(grabs the yarn from Mary)* I might have told you more, but I shall not say a word, Mary Warren. *(storms off)*

MERCY: *(watching Elizabeth go)* What do you think?

MARY: Our secret will be safe for now.

MERCY: I meant about Abigail and Betty.

MARY: When it happened, I thought she were only scared. But if Dr. Griggs . . .

MERCY: *(getting very nervous)* We summoned the devil. Tituba warned us.

MARY: We are not witches, Mercy.

MERCY: Now Ann is afflicted, as well.
MARY: I have not heard that.

MERCY: I say she is. At night she is tormented in her sleep. And by day she says she is called to the grave of her poor dead brother. And I am living in the same house. Maybe Satan comes for me next.

MARY: I was the one who saw death’s face.

MERCY: What if he comes for me?

MARY: Do not sign his book, no matter how horrible his tortures.

MERCY: What do you know of it?

MARY: I know.

MERCY: I suppose he has come to you.

MARY: Nay. (decides to tease Mercy) But one of his servants came.

MERCY: You are a liar, Mary Warren.

MARY: A repulsive creature with the face of . . . Goody Proctor. (She makes a grotesque face and the two girls laugh.)

MERCY: (suddenly serious) It could happen though. My mistress says there are many witches in Salem Village. One only needs proof.

MARY: What sort of proof?

MERCY: I am not sure . . .

MARY: (pause) I must get back to my chores before the old witch beats me with her broom.

MERCY: And I should be looking after Ann while the Putnams are out.

MARY: God be with you, Mercy Lewis.

MARY: And you, Mary Warren. (The two girls exit and the music begins to play.)
ACT 2, SCENE 2

As the music begins the FEMALE ASSISTANT enters holding a stake. She beckons to ANN JUNIOR who enters in a trance-like state. She is wearing her nightgown and holds a handful of wild flowers. The FEMALE ASSISTANT leads her to a spot where she marks the grave. ANN places the flowers on the grave. The MALE ASSISTANT enters carrying DORCY GOOD. He places her in front of ANN and then gives DORCY an imaginary apple. DORCY eats it grotesquely and then throws it down on the grave. TITUBA enters and mimes conjuring up a biscuit tin. She opens the tin and offers DORCY a biscuit. DORCY runs to her, hugs her, and reaches for the biscuit. TITUBA mimes slamming the tin lid down on DORCY's hand. DORCY runs to ANN and hugs her for protection. ANN hesitates and then embraces DORCY. DORCY slowly takes ANN'S hand, bites it, and runs back to TITUBA. They hold hands and dance in a circle. They motion for ANN to join them. She refuses. The TWO ASSISTANTS pull ANN there, but she refuses to dance. The ASSISTANTS force her to join the circle. After a couple of turns ANN breaks free of everyone. The dream figures turn in on her. TITUBA shakes her head and motions for DORCY to go to ANN. The ASSISTANTS keep a hold of ANN. DORCY pinches ANN and turns to TITUBA. TITUBA smiles. DORCY pinches her again and ANN tries to break away. The ASSISTANTS bring ANN down to the ground. TITUBA motions for DORCY to continue, then exits laughing. DORCY places her hands around ANN's neck, and mimes a choking action. ANN tries to scream but no sound comes out. She starts to shake. The music ends abruptly, the dream figures disappear, and ANN's screams become audible.

ANN SENIOR and THOMAS PUTNAM enter looking for her.

ANN SENIOR: (running to her) Ann, oh my precious daughter. Ann. (She places her cloak around Ann Junior and holds her until she is fully conscious. At that point Ann Junior begins crying.) Do not be frightened.

THOMAS: (trying not to lose patience) Where is Mercy?

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ANN: (still crying) I do not know.

ANN SENIOR: (to her husband) Shhh.

THOMAS: (to his wife) And you would not have her see Dr. Griggs.

ANN SENIOR: There be no need, Thomas.

THOMAS: What is it that ails you, child? (Ann Junior shrugs.)

ANN SENIOR: Can you not see this child has been cursed?

THOMAS: Who is it that afflicts thee, Ann?

ANN SENIOR: These faceless demons do harm my family, and we are to do nothing. (to Thomas) You must speak to the Reverend Master Parris.

THOMAS: What would I say?

ANN SENIOR: That here lies our proof.

THOMAS: He may not listen to me.

ANN SENIOR: Then you are to make him listen.

THOMAS: His own child and niece are afflicted, yet he does nothing.

ANN SENIOR: Am I to lose another child to Satan?

ANN: Mama, am I dying?

ANN SENIOR: No, my sweet child, your father would not let that happen. (Mercy enters out of breath.)

Mercy!

MERCY: (speaks quickly) When I returned home, Ann was gone. I have been searching all of Salem Village for her. You may ask anyone you wish. Then I remembered this place.

ANN SENIOR: I left her in your charge, did I not?

MERCY: Aye, Mrs. Putnam, but . . .

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THOMAS: What evil spirit possessed you to leave this poor child alone?

MERCY: No spirit, Master Putnam.

THOMAS: Have we not taken you into our home, girl? Clothed and fed you?

MERCY: Aye.

THOMAS: And this is our payment?

MERCY: I love Ann as a sister, surely.

THOMAS: Tell me why you should not be flogged . . . (He grabs her shoulders.)

MERCY: (almost in tears) I did not mean . . .

THOMAS: (He throws her down.) And thrown back to the streets.

MERCY: It was Mary.

THOMAS: You blame your carelessness on Mary Walcott?

MERCY: Mary Warren, the Proctor’s serving girl.

THOMAS: She forced you to leave the side of this afflicted child?

MERCY: Mary is afflicted as well.

ANN SENIOR: Sweet Lord.

MERCY: She begged me to walk her home. She was so frightened.

ANN SENIOR: Frightened of what, child?

MERCY: Witches, Mrs. Putnam.

ANN SENIOR: She hath seen them?

MERCY: A repulsive creature, she said, who beat her senseless with a broom.

ANN SENIOR: What face did she see?

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MERCY: Pardon?

ANN SENIOR: Who is this witch that hurts our children?

MERCY: (pause) It were disguised.

ANN SENIOR: Disguised?

MERCY: Aye, or a stranger. She could not tell.

ANN SENIOR: Oh, Thomas.

THOMAS: If this be a falsehood, Mercy . . .

MERCY: It is the truth, I swear. A repulsive creature, she said, and with a broom, too.

ANN SENIOR: Master Parris must hear of this.

THOMAS: (pause) I shall speak to Parris, for ought the good it will do.

ANN SENIOR: God save us all.

They move to their places in church.

ACT 2, SCENE 3

PARRIS begins his sermon as the PUTNAMS take their place in church.

PARRIS: John, Chapter 6, Verse: 70, “Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil.” Our Lord Jesus Christ knows how many devils there are in his church, and who they are. There are devils as well as saints in Christ’s church. What is meant here by devils? Our bible sayith, “One of you is a devil.” Answer: By “devil” is ordinarily meant any wicked angel or spirit. Sometimes it is put for the prince or head of the evil spirits, or fallen angels. Sometimes it is used for vile or wicked persons—the worst of such who for their villainy and impiety do most resemble devils and wicked spirits.

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There are such devils in church. There are also true saints in church. Here are good men to be found—yea, the very best; and here are bad men to be found, the very worst. Such as shall have the highest seat in glory, and such also as shall be cast to the lowest and fiercest flames of misery. Saints and devils, like Jeremiah’s basket of figs. (*The music begins as a tone. A light comes up behind the scrims where the Assistants move as if being tormented.*)

Let none then build their hopes of salvation on this: that they are church members. This you and I may be, and yet devils for all that. (*Ann Junior begins moaning and holding her head. Parris notices this but continues over it.*) Oh! If there be any such among us, forbear to come this day to the Lord’s table, lest Satan enter more powerfully into you. (*Ann’s moaning becomes louder.*) Lest while the bread be between your teeth, the wrath of the Lord come pouring down upon you. (*Ann stands and screams as she hurls her bible at Parris and then falls into a full-fledged fit. Parris’ voice becomes louder.*)

If the church of Corinth were called to mourn because of one incestuous person (*Abigail falls into a fit.*), how much more my New England churches mourn (*Mercy falls into a fit. Parris’ voice becomes louder.*) that such as work witchcraft, or are vehemently suspected so to do, should be found among them. (*Mary falls into a fit.*) Examine we ourselves well, what we are. We are either saints or devils: the scripture gives us no medium. (*Elizabeth falls into a fit, as does Ann Senior. Parris is now shouting.*) Oh it is a dreadful thing to be a devil and yet to sit down at the Lord’s table. Such incur the hottest of God’s wrath. (*Abigail begins barking like a dog and prancing around on all fours. Elizabeth and Mary follow suit. Ann Junior and Mercy try to fly like birds.*) Let each church member pray, and pray most fervently for the salvation of Christ’s children, and let no man rest until those she-witches are brought forward to face God’s wrath. Amen.

*THOMAS:* Amen.

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The girls collapse into silence. The music ends and the ASSISTANTS return to the throne. THOMAS rushes to his wife and daughter who are crying. ELIZABETH stands, gets her knitting and exits with MARY WARREN and ABIGAIL. MERCY helps THOMAS escort his distraught wife off stage. ANN JUNIOR stands. She looks refreshed and starts to leave.

PARRIS: Ann Putnam!

ANN: (stiff with fear) Aye, Master Parris?

PARRIS: (gently) You have forgotten your bible.

ANN: (with a sigh of relief) Thank you, Reverend. (Ann retrieves her bible and exits.)

The music starts and the actor who plays PARRIS replaces his hood and climbs down the ladder. He exits followed by the ASSISTANTS. INTERMISSION

ACT 3, SCENE 1

The music begins. The actor who plays PARRIS enters followed by his ASSISTANTS. As they move into place, TITUBA enters carrying firewood. The music ends and TITUBA hums the yellow bird song. She puts down the wood and is about to go for more when she sees ANN JUNIOR coming down the hill with a basket. She calls to ABIGAIL.

TITUBA: Abigail! Abigail, would you come here a moment?

ABIGAIL: (entering) Uncle said I did not have to finish my reading if I felt ill.

TITUBA: I’m not bothered about that. Isn’t that Ann Putnam coming down the hill?

ABIGAIL: Aye.

TITUBA: Go fetch some tea then (with a hint of sarcasm), if you’re not feeling too sick.

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ABIGAIL: I am a bit better today. (She goes.)

ANN: Good afternoon, Tituba.

TITUBA: What brings you out this way? I heard you were ill.

ANN: Nay. (reconsiders) I was.

TITUBA: Well, sit you down. Abigail will bring you tea.

ANN: I only came to give the good Reverend and his wife these preserves.

TITUBA: I’m afraid they left for Salem Town early this morning.

ANN: Are they expected home soon?

TITUBA: I think so.

ANN: I see.

ABIGAIL enters with the tea.

TITUBA: Why don’t you drink your tea, and maybe they be home before you’re done.

ANN: (takes the tea from Abigail) Thank you, Abigail.

ABIGAIL: Next time you can get it yourself.

TITUBA: Don’t be so willful, child.

ABIGAIL: I am not.

ANN: My mother says one needs strength of spirit in these times.

TITUBA: Now don’t you fret. Like your bible say, the Lord will protect his children.

ANN: Until the devil intervenes.

TITUBA: We must pray to God.

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ANN: That we must. But there is more we can do. Would you be willing to serve the Lord, Tituba? And you, Abigail?

TITUBA: What are you talking about, Ann?

ANN: Unmasking the devil.

ABIGAIL: And you know how?

ANN: I know of such a spell.

TITUBA: Abigail, go inside now.

ABIGAIL: But . . .

TITUBA: I said, go!

ABIGAIL starts to go but hides around the corner.

TITUBA: I think you should go home now. The Reverend wouldn’t like this kind of talk in his house.

ANN: And what of tea reading and telling fortunes?

TITUBA: What do you want from me?

ANN: You possess certain gifts.

TITUBA: Do you want me to read your tealeaves now?

ANN: Dr. Griggs hath said the evil hand is upon us.

TITUBA: So I’ve heard.

ANN: This morning Goodwife Sibley called upon my home out of concern for us. She gave my mother a recipe. She is convinced that if these instructions are followed precisely, the wicked demons shall be found and brought to justice. (She reads from a small piece of paper.) Rye flour is mixed with the urine of all the afflicted girls. The dough is baked, and then fed to a dog. Now I have brought water passed
from both Mercy and myself. (She pulls out one of the jars in her basket.) Abigail would only need to collect from Betty, and I from the remaining girls. Then, while the good Reverend and his wife are at church tomorrow, you could complete the spell.

TITUBA: Why doesn’t your mother bake it?

ANN: You are bound to the spirit world.

TITUBA: Who told you that?

ANN: And baking this cake in the house of a reverend should surely increase its power. (She hands Tituba the paper.)

TITUBA: I don’t read. (She throws the paper on the ground.)

ANN: Abigail may help you.

ABIGAIL: (running in) I shall read it to you. (She picks up the recipe.)

TITUBA: I told you. Go inside.

ANN: Abigail, how goes it with your cousin?

ABIGAIL: They sent her away.

TITUBA: The poor child.

ABIGAIL: They say she may die.

ANN: (sounding much like her mother) I have seen too many children put to their graves. I fear there shall be more. We need only to sit and wait, while Satan does his work.

ABIGAIL: Tituba, do you wish us all dead?

TITUBA: No, don’t talk nonsense.

ANN: What harm could it do?

TITUBA: I don’t know.
ABIGAIL: I shall help you collect the water from each girl.

ANN: Bless you, Abigail.

TITUBA: Do you not hear what I’m saying, girl? I don’t want no part of this.

ANN: It would be very unfortunate if the Reverend learned of what took place in his home. He might even blame you for his daughter’s ailment.

TITUBA: They were innocent enough things going on, you know.

ABIGAIL: He would not think so.

ANN: You must understand how desperate things are.

ABIGAIL: It may save us all, Tituba.

TITUBA: (realizes that she is up against a wall) Then go, but be quick about it. (Ann hands Abigail the jar.)

ABIGAIL: I promise. (exits)

ANN: We are indebted to you.

TITUBA: Just don’t tell nobody, else I be beat for sure.

ANN: It shall be our secret. (exits)

TITUBA crosses upstage to watch the girls go. While doing so, she grabs on to the clothesline. The music begins abruptly as the MALE ASSISTANT runs around TITUBA with one end of the rope, and then stands behind her. The FEMALE ASSISTANT runs down stage, diagonal from TITUBA, with the other end of the rope. TITUBA is forced to swing the rope around. It becomes a jump rope. MARY and ELIZABETH enter upstage and look at the rope with delight. MARY begins jumping rope and ELIZABETH joins in. ABIGAIL enters with the basket and jar from the previous scene and joins in. ANN enters, she does not pause, but moves straight through the game, pulling the rope with her. This causes everyone to

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get caught in a web of rope. The three girls untangle themselves. The two ASSISTANTS move TITUBA, still entangled, to the throne. They wrap the rope around the throne with TITUBA held facing the pulpit.

She remains there during the next two scenes.

ACT 3, SCENE 2

The music ends. ANN and ABIGAIL scout the area, as the other girls become impatient.

ELIZABETH: Abigail.

ABIGAIL: Shhh.

MARY: (whispers) I have to be back before the Proctors return.

ELIZABETH: If you will not tell us why you . . .

ANN: Shhh.

ELIZABETH: I am going home.

ABIGAIL: Patience Elizabeth, I must be sure we are alone.

MARY: Please hurry.

ANN: One moment! (When she is satisfied they are alone she speaks to Abigail.) Go to the end of that path and wait for us there.

ABIGAIL: Why should I?

ANN: If anyone approaches, you may warn us.

ABIGAIL: But . . .

ANN: You wanted to come. So, either make yourself useful or go home. (Ann and Abigail stare at each other. Abigail gives in, hands Ann the basket and exits.)

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MARY: (Mary and Elizabeth are amazed that Abigail was defeated.) Now can you tell us?

ANN: First, we must take the oath of silence. (She makes a cross in the dirt. The girls quickly move into place.) If any one of us does speak of this secret meeting, may the devil cut out her tongue, for she hath betrayed us.

ALL: We swear.

ANN: We are called upon to unmask the vile witch that has tormented us.

ELIZABETH: We are?

ANN: Aye. It is a most serious task.

MARY: How does one expose a witch?

ANN: (as if everyone should know) By mixing our urine with rye flour and baking it into a cake.

ELIZABETH: I am not going to eat that.

ANN: Tituba shall feed it to a dog.

ELIZABETH: Oh.

MARY: Then what happens?

ANN: The witch is exposed, and either confesses or is hanged.

MARY: How?

ANN: By a rope.

MARY: How is she exposed?

ANN: (She doesn't know.) I have brought a jar. Abigail, Mercy, and I have done our part. Now you must do yours.

ELIZABETH: Is that not enough for your cake?

ANN: Nay, it must be all of us.

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MARY: Why?

ANN: Tituba knows these things, better than you.

ELIZABETH: Aye, but . . .

ANN: Betty is close to death, we are sure to be next.

ELIZABETH: But if we are discovered, they may hang us.

ANN: Go home if you wish. May this witch choke the life from you for ought I care.

MARY: (pause) Give me the jar. (Ann does this.) Would you please turn your back? (Ann and Elizabeth mask Mary from the audience as she squats behind them.)

ELIZABETH: I have never heard of such an odd recipe.

ANN: I suppose.

ELIZABETH: What if the dog refuses to eat it?

ANN: She shall starve it until it does.

ELIZABETH: Poor dog.

When MARY is done she stands and holds the jar out to ELIZABETH.

MARY: Now you.

ELIZABETH: Must I? (They stare at her until she takes the jar. She moves behind them and squats, there is a pause.)

ANN: Hurry!

ELIZABETH: I cannot.

MARY: Try.

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ELIZABETH: I am too nervous. May I go behind a tree instead?

ANN: Aye, but be quick about it. (Elizabeth runs behind a tree.) She is hopeless.

MARY: (pause, then shouts) Must you take all day?

ELIZABETH: If you holler at me it only takes longer.

MARY: (pause) When does she bake it?

ANN: Tomorrow, while we are in church.

ABIGAIL: (runs on out of breath and terrified) My uncle . . . my uncle . . .

ANN: What?

ABIGAIL: My uncle, he is coming this way.

MARY: (in a loud whisper) Elizabeth . . . come out of there.

ELIZABETH: (behind the tree) I am almost finished.

ABIGAIL: (loud whisper) My uncle!

ELIZABETH: (behind the tree) What?

MARY: What shall we do?

ANN: (loud whisper) Elizabeth!

ABIGAIL: Lord, he is coming. Run! (Mary, Abigail, and Ann start to run. Ann manages to hide—the audience can see her. Abigail and Mary are caught in Parris’ gaze.)

ELIZABETH: (Elizabeth enters from behind the tree, beaming as she holds up the jar.) I did it!

PARRIS: (removing his hood) You did what, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH: (jumps from fear, hurling the jar in the air) I . . . I . . .

PARRIS: Go on. What were you collecting?
ELIZABETH: (not understanding) Sir?

PARRIS: In the jar. Must I bring your uncle here?

ELIZABETH: Nay. I wanted no part of it. I swear. She made me, for Tituba's cake.

PARRIS: Who made you?

ABIGAIL and MARY stare at her.

ELIZABETH: She said she would cut out my tongue. She . . . (She envisions a spirit coming at her. She gasps.)

Oh!

PARRIS: What is wrong child?

ELIZABETH: Do you not see her standing there?

PARRIS: Tell me what evil spirit is present.

MARY: (picks it up) She carries a knife!

PARRIS: Who is it that afflicts thee?

ELIZABETH: Blackness. Go back to the devil!

PARRIS: Does . . . Tituba hurt you?

ELIZABETH: (takes the suggestion) No Tituba, stay away. I am not your servant. Oh! She comes for my tongue! Help me. (She falls to the ground fighting off the imaginary Tituba. The struggle goes on for a few seconds. Mary assists in fighting off the vision. Elizabeth sits up panting.)

PARRIS: Is her spirit still about?

ELIZABETH: (still breathing hard) Nay, she say she come back for my tongue. (She places her finger in her mouth and then looks at it.) Look, here is blood from where she cut.

PARRIS: She shall torment you no more. I shall see to that.

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ABIGAIL: (musters her strength) The cake was to help, uncle. To expose the evil one . . .

PARRIS: You have been misguided, child. Only a servant of Satan would employ such witchery. (losing his temper) Oh, how odious becomes the deed when it is done in the house of the Lord. The sorceress must stand in judgment. And may God have mercy on her soul. (Parris replaces his hood.)

ABIGAIL: (Abigail stares at the two girls. They look at her apologetically.) Boo! (She stamps her foot, Mary and Elizabeth scream and run off. Ann comes out from hiding. She is devastated by what she has seen. She looks sheepishly at Abigail. Abigail stares at her and starts to leave.)

ANN: Abigail . . .

ABIGAIL: You shall burn in hell, Ann Putnam. (She exits.)

The music picks up on her exit. The MALE ASSISTANT brings in a rocking chair setting it down so that it continues to rock. ANN enters in a daze and sits in the chair. The FEMALE ASSISTANT enters with one end of rope that binds TITUBA. She places it in ANN’s lap. ANN begins playing with the end of the rope unconsciously. She rocks, staring straight ahead, unaware of where the rope leads. The ASSISTANTS exit.

ACT 4, SCENE 1

MERCY enters with a basket as the music ends. She puts the basket down, moves to ANN, and replaces Ann’s hair inside her bonnet. We are outside the Putnam’s home. It is the morning of Tituba’s trial. ANN is off in her own world.

MERCY: Do you think one wedge of cheese is enough? (pause) Ann?

ANN: (distracted) What?

MERCY: I have brought one wedge of cheese, three apples, and one half a loaf of bread.

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ANN: Aye.

MERCY: Is it enough, then?

ANN: I am not sure.

MERCY: It is a long ride. And the trial may last through the day. Perhaps I should fetch another wedge. Do you think so, Ann?

ANN: I do not know what to think.

MERCY: I shall get two pieces.

ANN: I am sorry. Two pieces?

MERCY: Of cheese! What ails thee?

ANN: Does this not seem odd to you?

MERCY: I suppose.

ANN: I brought Tituba the recipe.

MERCY: Aye. (pause) I shall be back with the cheese.

ANN: Mercy . . . Must we go?

MERCY: We are ordered to do so.

ANN: I know this.

MERCY: Our testimony is needed.

ANN: And if we are found to be witches?

MERCY: It is Tituba on trial.

ANN: Do you believe her to be a witch?

MERCY: Did she not read fortunes? And she came for Elizabeth and Mary with a knife. Even the Reverend Master Parris sayeth she is a witch.
ANN: She seemed to be a good person.

MERCY: The devil is a master of disguise. I thought she were a witch when I first saw her. You heard her sing Satan’s song of the yellow bird. Do you forget these things?

ANN: Nay. (pause) We sang her song, too. We danced with her.

MERCY: It were surely the tea.

ANN: The tea?

MERCY: Her secret leaves lure young girls under her spell, no doubt. And what of your dreams? Did she not come for you, and with the waif, Dorcy Good?

ANN: Can a dream be true?

MERCY: It may surely be a sign. If she is in league with the likes of Goody Good, they may come for your soul.

ANN: Why must they torment my family?

MERCY: Perhaps it is as Master Parris says.

ANN: Satan’s greatest victory lies in the downfall of the Lord’s chosen ones.

MERCY: Aye.

ANN SENIOR: (enters with a shawl for Ann Junior) Mercy, have you gathered all we need?

MERCY: Ought but a little, Mrs. Putnam.

ANN SENIOR: Then finish up, child. Would you make us late?

MERCY: Nay, I am on my way. (exits)

ANN SENIOR: (places the shawl around her daughter) Are you still distraught, Ann? (Ann Junior nods.) I am not. I feel that dark cloud which hath haunted our family being lifted from us. It is a matter of time. It is all a matter of time.
ANN: Mama, if Tituba tells them . . .

ANN SENIOR: Of the recipe?

ANN: Will they come for me?

ANN SENIOR: I have already confessed it.

ANN: *(amazed)* Mama.

ANN SENIOR: And the good Reverend has forgiven us our sin. He understands now. But he needs our help if he is to protect us.

ANN: *(tentatively)* I had a dream.

ANN SENIOR: Of my sister?

ANN: Of Tituba.

ANN SENIOR: When?

ANN: A week ago, maybe two.

ANN SENIOR: And you kept it from me?

ANN: I was frightened.

ANN SENIOR: Frightened of your own mother?

ANN: Of what might happen.

ANN SENIOR: You must always tell me your dreams, Ann.

ANN: She came with the man in black, the devil I am sure. And Dorcy danced with her and . . .

ANN SENIOR: And what?

ANN: She tried to choke me, and Tituba laughed and . . . then I do not remember.

ANN SENIOR: Dorcy Good?
ANN: Aye.

ANN SENIOR: *(definite)* Goody Good were there, too.

ANN: I had not seen her.

ANN SENIOR: Perhaps she were there as . . . a familiar . . . a bird.

MERCY enters and decides to stay out of sight, but ANN SENIOR notices her.

ANN: *(making the connection)* A yellow bird.

ANN SENIOR: Aye, a yellow bird.

ANN: But it were only a dream.

ANN SENIOR: You are so innocent. Do you think the devil has not the power to make you believe you are dreaming? He is too clever.

ANN: Do you say it happened?

ANN SENIOR: How could you know these things?

ANN: Tituba came to me then?

ANN SENIOR: Not in body, perhaps. But her spectre, her spirit were surely there.

ANN: *(terrified)* Oh.

ANN SENIOR: You must advise the court, my child, before more harm is done.

ANN: They may not believe me.

ANN SENIOR: *(pulling Mercy into their circle)* If Mercy were to give similar evidence . . .

MERCY: It is as though I were there.

ANN: *(realizing the implications)* She choked me.

ANN SENIOR: Have strength, Ann.

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THOMAS: (entering) Mercy!

MERCY: Aye, Master Putnam.

THOMAS: Did I not bid you iron my best shirt for this day?

MERCY: You did.

THOMAS: Then why, pray, does it lie wrinkled upon the floor?

MERCY: (confident) I was afraid to touch it, Sir.

THOMAS: Afraid?

MERCY: (matter of fact) A black cat lay all upon it, and then it turned into a snake.

ANN SENIOR: (appalled) And this in our own house.

THOMAS: Then come along. The sooner we attend to this business, the better.

As they exit, ANN SENIOR catches MERCY with a slight crack of a smile. MERCY quickly removes the smile.

ACT 4, SCENE 2

The actor who played PARRIS puts on a wig and glasses to become JOHN HATHORNE. ANN SENIOR and THOMAS stand stage left, and are dimly lit.

HATHORNE: Let the record show that on this day, March ye first, sixteen hundred and ninety-two, in Salem Village, Tituba, an Indian Woman, has been brought before the Magistrates for suspicion of witchcraft by her committed according to ye complaint of Thomas and Ann Putnam of Salem Village. Let the record also show that I, John Hathorne, have required of Constable Joseph Herrik to bring at the same time the following girls of Salem Village as they may give evidence in ye above said case: (The

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girls enter and take their positions as their names are called.) Ann Putnam, Mercy Lewis, Abigail Williams, Mary Warren, Elizabeth Hubbard. As all of the above named persons are present, the examination of Tituba Indian shall commence. (The Assistants bring in Tituba. She looks very worn and has obviously been beaten. She struggles with them. The Assistants return to their posts.) Tituba, what evil spirit have you familiarity with?

TITUBA: None.

HATHORNE: Why do you hurt these children?

TITUBA: I do not hurt them.

HATHORNE: Who is it then?

TITUBA: The devil for ought I know.

HATHORNE: Did you never see the devil?

TITUBA: Never.

ANN: I saw the apparition of Tituba. The devil did bring her and Dorcy Good to torture me most grievously by pricking and pinching me.

MERCY: And the spirit of Sarah Good was there. And then she turned into a yellow bird.

ANN: And then Tituba choked me until I could no longer breathe.

MERCY: She choked me too.

MARY: She came at me with a knife.

ELIZABETH: She came for my tongue. (She envisions Tituba coming for her.) She comes for me now. Help me! (She screams and falls into a fit.)

MARY: (picking it up) She holds the knife. (screams and points at Tituba)

MERCY: Do you not see the yellow bird? (She screams and follows suit.)
ANN: It comes for my blood. No Tituba, call it back. I will not sign your book. (*joins in the fits*)

ABIGAIL: Lord help us, we are done for. (*She joins in.*)

TITUBA stands in shock as she watches this. The music begins. The ASSISTANTS come at TITUBA carrying chains. They hold out the chains and then drop them on either side of TITUBA. She reacts as if being tortured and moves toward the girls who are still screaming. On the next drop of a chain TITUBA screams, and touches one of the girls. The girls fall like dominos and stop screaming. The ASSISTANTS place the chains over TITUBA’S shoulders, lift her up, and escort her back to her place. As the dialogue continues, they take the chains off TITUBA and drop them on either side of the throne. The music ends.

HATHORNE: Tituba, why did you hurt these children?
TITUBA: I did not.

HATHORNE: In such cases in England, afflicted persons have been released from a witch’s spell when that demon doth place a hand upon them. Has that not just been proven?
TITUBA: No. (*The girls start to moan.*)

HATHORNE: But someone hurts the children?
TITUBA: (confused) Yes.

HATHORNE: Who is it then? (*pause*) Did you never see the devil?
TITUBA: (*Pause as she decides to beat them at their own game.*) The devil came to me and bid me to serve him.

*The girls stop moaning and watch.*

HATHORNE: Who have you seen?
TITUBA: Four women sometimes hurt the children. (*Tituba stares at Ann Senior.*)

HATHORNE: Who were they?

TITUBA: (pause) Sarah Good and Sarah Osborne, and I do not know who the others were. Sarah Good and Osborne would have me hurt the children but I would not. There was a tall man from Boston, too.

(*Tituba stares at Thomas Putnam.*)

HATHORNE: When did you see them?

TITUBA: Last night at Boston.

HATHORNE: What did they say?

TITUBA: They say hurt the children.

HATHORNE: And did you hurt them?

TITUBA: No. There is four women and one man. They hurt the children and they lay all upon me and they tell me if I will not hurt the children, they will hurt me.

HATHORNE: But did you not hurt them?

TITUBA: Yes, but I will hurt them no more.

HATHORNE: Are you sorry you did hurt them?

TITUBA: (*emphatic*) Yes.

HATHORNE: And why then do you hurt them?

TITUBA: They say, hurt the children or we will do worse to you.

HATHORNE: What have you seen?

TITUBA: A man come to me and say, “serve me.”

HATHORNE: What service?

TITUBA: Kill the children (*girls gasp*), or they will do worse to me.

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HATHORNE: What is this appearance you see?

TITUBA: Sometimes it is like a hog and sometimes a great dog.

HATHORNE: What did it say to you?

TITUBA: The great dog say, “serve me.” And I say, “I am afraid.”

HATHORNE: What else did you say to it?

TITUBA: I say, “I will serve you no longer.” And then he looked like a man and he told me he had pretty things he would give me.

HATHORNE: What were these pretty things?

TITUBA can’t think of what to say.

ANN JUNIOR: A yellow bird.

TITUBA: He said he had more pretty things if I would serve him.

HATHORNE: Why did you go to Thomas Putnam’s last night and hurt his child?

TITUBA: They pull and haul me and make me go.

HATHORNE: And what would they have you do?

TITUBA: (Looking at Ann Junior) Cut off her head with a knife. (Ann reacts.)

HATHORNE: How did you go?

TITUBA: We ride upon sticks and are there presently.

HATHORNE: Do you go through trees or over them?

TITUBA: We see nothing but are there presently.

HATHORNE: What attendants hath Sarah Good?

TITUBA: A yellow bird, and she would have given me one.

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HATHORNE: What meat did she give it?

TITUBA: It did suck between her fingers. (The girls moan.)

HATHORNE: What hath Dorcy Good?

TITUBA: A yellow dog. She had a thing with the head like a woman, with two legs and wings. Abigail Williams that lives with her Uncle Parris said that she did see the same creature, and it turned into the shape of Dorcy Good.

ABIGAIL: (all eyes on her) On two occasions it did come to me and pinch me.

ANN: It tried to choke me.

MERCY: I saw it and then it turned into a wolf and jumped upon me.

ELIZABETH: Oh . . .

HATHORNE: What ails thee now?

ELIZABETH: It is here.

HATHORNE: What, what do you see?

ELIZABETH: The creature, it comes for me. (She falls into her fit.)

MARY: Oh look it changes its shape. The great dog. Its face! It has the face of Goody Proctor! (She falls into a fit.)

HATHORNE: Tituba, do you see who hurts these children now?

TITUBA: I am blind now. I cannot see.

A low hum is heard. TITUBA is escorted off by the ASSISTANTS. The girls take their positions. The ASSISTANTS enter with DORCY GOOD. SARAH GOOD is back lit behind a scrim.
HATHORNE: On this day, March ye twenty-fourth, sixteen hundred and ninety-two, Dorcas Good, Daughter of Sarah Good, has been brought before us upon suspicion of witchcraft, by her committed according to complaints made against her by Thomas and Ann Putnam, of Salem Village. Before God, she shall stand to face those she hath afflicted. (He announces each of the girls and they stand upon hearing their name.) The deposition of Mercy Lewis:

MERCY: The apparition of Dorcy Good, Sarah Good’s daughter came to me and did afflict me, urging me to write in her book. And several times since Dorcy Good hath afflicted me biting, pinching and choking me, urging me to write in her book. (She sits.)

HATHORNE: The deposition of Mary Warren:

MARY: I saw the apparition of Dorcy Good. Sarah Good’s daughter came to me and bit me, and pinch me and so. She continued afflicting me most grievously until the twenty-fourth of March, being the day of her examination. (She sits.)

HATHORNE: The deposition of Ann Putnam, daughter of Thomas Putnam.

ANN: The apparition of Dorcy Good came to me and tortured me by pinching me several times and choking me until I could not breathe. (She sits and begins to weep.)

HATHORNE: Dorcas Good ye hath been charged with the most hideous crime of witchcraft. Confess it now, or ye shall be hanged in accordance with law. What say you?

The girls all shift their faces toward her.

DORCY: (Terrified, she looks to her mother, who nods her head.) I am guilty. (She grabs onto her ears, bends over and starts to shake.)

The tone gets louder. The ASSISTANTS carry DORCY off and bring in SARAH GOOD, who fights them.

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HATHORNE: Sarah Good, what evil spirit have you familiarity with?

SARAH: None.

HATHORNE: Have you made no contracts with the devil?

SARAH: Nay.

HATHORNE: Why do you hurt these children?

The following is a collage of voices, which should overlap and grow in intensity.

ANN: She killed our cow.

SARAH: I do not hurt them.

MERCY: She was a healthy cow, too.

SARAH: I scorn it.

HATHORNE: Who do you employ then to do it?

ABIGAIL: She has done worse than that.

SARAH: I employ nobody.

MARY: She has murdered babies.

HATHORNE: What creature do you employ, then?

ELIZABETH: She eats their flesh.

SARAH: No creature.

ABIGAIL: All witches do that.

SARAH: I am falsely accused.

ANN: She killed our cow.

HATHORNE: Why did you go away muttering from the Putnams’ home?
ANN & MERCY: She eats babies.

SARAH: I did not mutter, but pray for food for my child.

THE GIRLS: All witches do that.

HATHORNE: Who do you serve?

SARAH: I serve God.

THE GIRLS: (The following starts as a low chant, with the following words overlapping, and then builds.) The devil take you, Sarah Good. Confess it witch. Hang the witch.

HATHORNE: (over the chanting) What do you say when you go muttering from their house?

SARAH: It is the Commandments. I may say my Commandments, I hope.

HATHORNE: What commandment is it?

SARAH: If I must tell you, I will tell: It is a psalm.

HATHORNE: What psalm?

SARAH: (mutters some psalm)

HATHORNE: (As he hits his gavel, the music and the chanting stop.) Sarah Good, I find you guilty of using witchcraft against several persons of Salem Village. As you refuse to confess to these crimes, I sentence ye to death.

Three ropes drop from the web above. The music picks up and the ASSISTANTS enter with executioner hoods. The girls move back at the sight of the ropes. The MALE ASSISTANT moves SARAH GOOD, who stares directly at the girls, to the rope. The FEMALE ASSISTANT brings SARAH’S hand up to the rope. In a moment she shifts her weight off her feet and snaps her neck. The girls turn away.

HATHORNE: Bridget Bishop of Salem Village, I sentence ye to death. (Hathorne hits the gavel.)

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HA THORNE: Elizabeth Proctor, I sentence ye to death. However, since ye are with child, I hereby postpone your sentence until after the birth of the child. John Proctor of Salem Village, I sentence ye to . . .

MARY: He is innocent. (a moment of sanity) They are all innocent.

THE GIRLS: (turn on her chanting) The devil take you, Mary Warren. Confess it witch. Hang the witch.

HA THORNE: Mary Warren of Salem Village, I sentence ye . . .

MARY: I saw John Proctor with the devil.

HA THORNE: I sentence John Proctor to death. (He hits the gavel. The girls comfort Mary.) Mary Esty of Topsfield. (hits the gavel) Rebecca Nurse of Salem Village. (hits the gavel)

The following lines overlap. HA THORNE continues hitting his gavel at each name. The girls form an accusing machine pointing a finger in front of them at each accusation and then falling to the ground. The falls and rises are staggered between every other girl.

ABIGAIL: (coming in) Sarah Osborne of Salem Village.

ANN: (coming in) Elizabeth Howe of Topsfield.

ELIZABETH: (coming in) Sarah Wildes of Topsfield.

MERCY: (coming in) Susanna Martin of Amesbury.

MARY: (coming in) The Reverend George Burroughs of Wells, Maine.

THE GIRLS: (Hathorne’s gavel picks up pace, as does the accusing machine. The following names overlap and are repeated until Hathorne’s cry for order is heard. During this, the two Assistants jump up and grab the two ropes on either side of Sarah Good. They spin on the ropes until Hathorne’s call for order.) Martha Carrier, George Jacobs, John Willard, Ann Foster, Giles Corey, Martha Corey, Alice Parker, Mary Parker, Ann Pudeator, Wilmont Redd, Margaret Scott, Samuel Wardwell, Sarah Dustin.
HATHORNE: (He hits the gavel furiously.) Order! Order! Order! (The girls freeze in whatever position they land in. Their arms should be extended pointing toward the audience, if possible. The music ends. During the following speech the Assistants release Sarah Good from her rope and one of them carries her off over his shoulder.) The Governor of Massachusetts, the honorable Sir William Phips, hath declared that “spectral evidence,” that is evidence which relies solely upon the seeing of spirits or spectres, inadmissible in a court of law. Therefore . . . (He takes off the wig and glasses, and speaks to the girls in a neutral voice.) I shall not be requiring of your services any longer. (The girls slowly lower their arms. The actor who played Hathorne climbs down from the throne and exits. Ann Putnam watches as everyone turns their back on her and walks away.)

ACT 5, SCENE 1

Music begins and the ASSISTANTS enter with stakes. They tease and torment ANN and throw her to her knees. They mark two gravesites and then exit. DORCY GOOD enters. She has been destroyed by the trial and the fate of her mother. She wanders the graveyard searching for the unmarked grave of her mother. She lashes out one minute and sings to herself the next. ANN watches this with a mixture of horror, pity, and profound guilt.

DORCY: (whispers) Mama . . . Mama . . . I here. Mama, where . . . ? You said . . . Mama you here? (calls out wildly) Mama! (suddenly calm) Ah, there . . . Mama. No, no cry. Look, an apple, Mama. (She pulls out a rotten core.) You hungry? (She begins to bite at the core. She sees Ann and whispers to her imaginary mother.) Mama . . . hide . . . hurt you . . . run . . . they here . . . No, Mama take me . . . they . . . she hurt . . . Mama. . . . come . . . (Dorcy throws herself on the ground and tries to dig through. Ann takes a step toward her and Dorcy runs away. Ann returns to the site of her mother's grave and sobs.)

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ANN SENIOR enters from behind the scrim. She is a ghost. ANN JUNIOR never looks at her, but directs her lines to the sky. The music continues low, underneath. ANN SENIOR’s first three lines are said by both she and ANN JUNIOR. It is as though ANN JUNIOR is answering for her mother. On these lines she moves her head downward, then back up for her own line. ANN SENIOR’S voice is low on these first three lines.

ANN: (slowly) Mama... Can you hear me? Do you know what has happened?

ANN SENIOR & JUNIOR: All things must take their course.

ANN: Now I am called the evil one.

ANN SENIOR & JUNIOR: Life is a trial. All of life is a trial.

ANN: For what?

ANN SENIOR & JUNIOR: For the spirit, for the soul . . .

ANN: For property. They say we did this to acquire land.

ANN SENIOR: I do not remember what I did.

ANN: Is it my fault then?

ANN SENIOR: We are all guilty. We are all innocent.

ANN: I remember you made me give Tituba the recipe, and she was accused.

ANN SENIOR: Life is a trial.

ANN: And I said nothing.

ANN SENIOR: Such an impressionable child.

ANN: I had a dream that Dorcy Good and her mother came to me. They told me of their innocence. They said I am Satan’s instrument.

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ANN SENIOR: More dreams.

ANN: But you said dreams were true.

ANN SENIOR: How was I to know these things?

ANN: I do not desire to live any longer.

ANN SENIOR: Seek forgiveness then.

ANN: How could I be forgiven? I do not deserve to be. (pause) Mama!

ANN SENIOR: I am here.

ANN: I miss you.

ANN SENIOR: Our time will come.

ANN: I am all alone now. All the other girls have gone. And I am afraid to speak to anyone.

ANN SENIOR: I am near you.

ANN: Nay. You left me alone. You made me alone.

ANN SENIOR: All of us die alone.

ANN: Then I am coming soon.

ANN SENIOR: Aye. Everyone comes. (The tone gets louder as Ann Senior exits behind the scrim.)

ANN: (calls after her) Mama, do not leave. Do not leave me all alone. (She bends over and sobs. As Ann Senior exits behind the scrim, the actor who played Parris and Hathorne joins her as she revolves. This is a vision in Ann Junior’s mind. The light behind the scrim fades. The music ends.)

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ACT 5, SCENE 2

ANN: (She slowly collects herself and stands facing the audience. It is fourteen years after the trial. Ann is very weak and disheveled. She knows she is close to death. She starts off meekly.) I have spoken to Reverend Green about my desire to receive full communion and have asked him if I might read the following confession to you. He hath most graciously consented. On this day, August ye twenty-fourth, seventeen hundred and six, I desire to be humble before God for that sad and humbling providence that befell my father’s family the year about ninety-two. I then being in my childhood should be such a providence of God, be made an instrument for ye accusing of several persons of a grievous crime whereby their lives were taken away from them, whom now I have just grounds and good reason to believe they were innocent persons and that it was a delusion of Satan that deceived me in that sad time. Whereby, I justly fear I have been instrumental with others, though ignorantly and unwittingly to bring upon myself and this land the guilt of innocent blood. Though what was said or done by me against any person I can truly and uprightly say before God and man, I did it not out of any anger, malice, or ill will to any person for I had no such thing against any one of them; but what I did was ignorantly being deluded by Satan. And particularly as I was a chief instrument of accusing of Goodwife Good and her daughter (She falls to her knees.), I desire to lie in ye dust and earnestly beg forgiveness of God and from all those unto whom I have given just cause of sorrow and offense, whose relations were taken away or accused. Amen. (She bows her head.)

The cast enters singing the hymn “Morning” (1832) by Henry K. Oliver for the curtain call. ANN stands and joins them.
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